THE Johnson Journal

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL

SCHOOL-SPIRIT
HOW DO YOU SHOW IT?

When asked if they preferred to go to a different school, students at Johnson will almost unanimously answer that they wouldn't. Why? Surely it's not the building, not the students, or the teachers. They say they like Johnson's spirit.

"School spirit," that's a familiar phrase, but what is it? My definition would be, "Helping the school." There are innumerable ways to display school spirit. Recently, at a Johnson dance, I jokingly asked a boy who was dressed as a clown whether or not he was crazy? However, he took me seriously and snapped back, "At least I have school spirit." That was his way of showing school spirit. Instead of laughing when one mentions a Johnson dance, we should cooperate to make these dances a success.

The athletes show their spirit and satisfy a natural desire for sports by participating in various sports. However, only a limited number of boys can participate. All other students can show spirit by, instead of staying away from games during a losing streak, going to the games, cheering the players, and pointing out the various obstacles that the coach must overcome to produce a winning team.

When you see a person damaging school property, or throwing trash around the school or school grounds, you should stop him. Our school grounds and buildings are far from being a prize-package or garden-spot, but we don't have to make them any worse.

If we stopped being so egotistical, we would undoubtedly start to show school spirit. We all have school spirit; it may be latent, but we all have it. You have it, but how do you show it?

HAROLD VINCENT, '47

THRIFT

Thrift in the United States of America has brought it to be the wealthiest country in the world until recent years. During the past few years the people of this country have been *very very* careless with their disposal of time and money. Such carelessness causes the nation's wealth to decrease greatly.

Time is one of the most valuable possessions wasted in our country today. Have you ever stopped to think what time is, and how it applies to us all in our daily work? Time is something we should consider and make good use of. Everyone should make his time profitable to himself and other people. Do you spend your time wisely?

Money, as we all know, is wasted by us ourselves and other people at one time or another. The way a person spends his money now affects what they will have in the future. Therefore, the people of the United States, *must* be thrifty in order to regain her wealth. Spend your money wisely, and use to best advantage what you have. Use your time so it will be useful to yourself and others. In this way we can all help to build a stronger, healthier and happier nation. We all *can* do it.

BERTHA CURRY, '50

GOOD GROOMING

Posture is one of the most important features of good grooming. No matter how well dressed a person is, she never looks well groomed if there are wings sprouting from her back, caused from slouching, or enlarged hips, caused from not standing squarely on two feet. A person who always carries herself erect, whether relaxing or walking, is much more wide awake, and enjoys both study and play far more than the lazy individual who is always slouching around. Keeping that thought in mind at all times is a tremendous help in your appearance, whether you have a large quantity of clothes, or just a couple of dresses.

MARGARET HICKEY, '50

RESPECT THE HUNTING SEASON

The government restricts the hunting season to certain times of year. If the seasons were open the year around, there would be no animals. These animals breed in the months that the seasons are closed. If there weren't any seasons, the animals would become as extinct as the buffalo. If these animals become scarce, what are some of the people going to do? Many people depend upon the animals for their livelihood. They trap, fish, hunt, and sell skins for money. They eat the food. Respect the hunting season!

GEORGE EMMOTT, '50

THRIFT

A person or a country that saves time and money, and avoids waste is thrifty. If we didn't avoid waste our country and the people in it would be poor and have very few luxuries for the average person. Poor mines, destroyed farm land, stumps and small undergrowth all show signs that our country is less wealthy today than one hundred years ago.

To me a thrifty person is one that keeps everything he has in good condition and doesn't spend money on foolish things. If you are not already a thrifty person, it is very easy to become one. First of all, plan a budget. Include how much time you spend on certain things you do, how much money you have, how much you are going to spend, how you are going to spend it and for what. Second, ask yourself the question, "Do I really need what I am buying or can I do without it?" The money you have left over should be invested in a bank so it will accumulate interest. Whenever you need that money, no matter how little it is, it is right where you can get it.

A thrifty person does not only these things, but many more. Every person and country can be thrifty by stopping to think, and saying, "Do I use my time and money as I should?" or "Am I avoiding all the waste that I possibly can?"

RAE LONG, '50

RACIAL TOLERANCE

Just walk along Union street in Lawrence, and you will see what I saw. JEW was printed in large letters on one of the buildings on the corner of Canal and Union streets. I noticed this two months ago. Now it is wearing off, but in the same district, on the corner of Methuen and Union, the same thing appeared again. I wonder how the people who live in that rooming house feel.

Our four freedoms include: Freedom from Want, Freedom of Religion, Freedom from Fear, and Freedom of Press. I think another freedom should be added, Freedom of Nationality. What does it matter if your neighbor is a Jew? Is this race to be persecuted for the rest of their lives? What would you do and think if your race, French, German, Irish, or English, were advertised on buildings? How would you feel if you were refused housing because of being a Jew? How would you act if

your race was pointed at with mockery?

Yes, this is America. Other nations look to us as the leaders of the world, as a place for peace, hope, and security. But what would the other nations think, if they all knew how we taunt a citizen just because he isn't of the right nationality? I think every living person who hasn't tolerance for his fellow man should be thoroughly ashamed that he calls himself American. Have you ever realized that every time you taunt the Jewish race, you taunt our Lord? Remember what He said; "Forgive, them, Father, for they know not what they do." He forgave them. Why, then, must it be relived, day in and day out?

If we would take a lesson from children, we would be doing something worthy. Have you ever noticed whom a child plays with? It doesn't matter what nationality his playmate is. As long as he is a good winner and a good loser, a good friend, and a person he can trust, it doesn't matter if his companion isn't the same nationality as he. They have more tolerance than any grownup has that I have met so far.

Shakespeare wrote this in his *Merchant of Venice*: "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs . . . fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons . . . If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

RUTH FICKENWORTH, '47

LITERARY

AN ANIMAL STORY

While my uncle was in the Marines, he had charge of a K-9 dog in New Zealand. The dog's name was Sandy. He was rough and ready to take a bite out of the first Jap he saw.

One night my uncle was on guard duty with Sandy. After patrolling up and down on the dark side of the Marine base, he heard a growl from Sandy. Then he started barking at someone in the bushes a few feet from where he was standing. My uncle took off his rifle and told Sandy to be quiet and lie down. But Sandy still growled, although not as loud as before.

"Come out or I'll shoot," my uncle commanded.

No one replied.

"I'll give you three minutes to come out with your hands up." again he ordered.

As it was getting very close to the three minutes my uncle yelled. "Corporal of the guard."

Within a few seconds the corporal and three other men came running. As they approached my uncle, they said, "What's going on here?"

"There are some men in those bushes," he said.

"I am going to let Sandy go in after them. Okay, corporal?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the corporal.

I guess Sandy heard them say that he was going in after those men, because he started to pull my uncle down the little hill which led to the bushes, Sandy not realizing he was chained to my uncle's belt. As soon as my uncle loosened the chain, Sandy galloped down the banking with the

four men following slowly behind him.

Everything was silent, but Sandy was barking and growling as loud as possible. Then the four men heard noises which they could not understand. The four men rushed into the bushes and saw two men lying on the ground with Sandy's teeth marks in their necks.

After seeing if the men were dead, which they were, they went back to the Company Officer, and told him the story.

Sandy was sent to the White House to receive the Medal of Honor, the first dog or animal ever to receive this honor.

HARRY BECKWITH, '50

TIME WILL TELL

Something like this always happens when we settle down to read a long desired or long awaited book. A quick glance at the faithful kitchen clock tells us it's 4:11 p. m. Plenty of time to get well into the book, we think. It's nice to have a good clock around; makes one feel steady. We slide into the comfy leather chair in the living room and reach for our book. Our gaze falls on the trusty clock on the shelf. Blink! 4:22. Oh, hum, nothing much wrong. One of the clocks is wrong. 4:23 (Living room time). Which one? It's awfully embarrassing not to know which clock is off time.

4:24 (LRT) Ye gods! Do you suppose neither of the clocks is wrong and it has taken us ten minutes to walk from the kitchen to the living room? Nonsense.

4:24½ (LRT) But stranger things have happened. A fit of some sort. They say you never know when those things strike you. Maybe we're going to die!

4:25 (LRT) (Nervous laughter for the benefit of ourselves.) Ha, ha, fiddle-faddle. We'll just prove one of the clocks is wrong by looking again at the kitchen clock.

4:35 (KT) (Again laughter. This time relieved.) Ha, ha. 4:35, we say. One clock is ten minutes wrong. We bet it's this one. We've always thought this was a rotten clock.

4:36 (KT) Maybe it's a plot—yes. a plot. It could be, we think, remembering our little fright a few minutes ago. If our heart hadn't been in such a staunch condition, we might have died of shock. Anyone in a weak state would have just popped off. A gory plan, we think, but we have thwarted it. We'll ferret them out and disclose their fiendish plan to the world. Those foreign powers will stop at nothing. What cruelty, what virulent plans of murder, what . . . .

4:38 (KT) (Theory falls flat. Clock says made in America.)

4:38½ (KT) We return to the living room. We feel rather let down, but we can't have everything in life. LR clock says 4:48½.

4:49 (LRT) We won't be able to go to school in the morning, we think, after considering all the angles. If we arrive too early, we'll be swept under the feet of the early workers, maybe even run over by a car. If we arrive too late, people will be angry. Maybe someone will have a stroke. Nope, we won't go, the chances are too great for the other person. It won't be said we killed anyone.

4:51 (LRT) Shall we turn on the radio and find the correct time? What a fantastic idea! The announcer probably didn't even get up this morning and there won't be any program. (They have a lousy job.)

4:52 (LRT) (After thinking over consequences of missing school, we turn the radio on and find the correct time. We still think it's a plot, though.)

JEAN MAHONEY, '48

TIPPIE'S GREEN RIBBON

The little boy looked up with tears in his eyes. "My dog is lost," he said.

"Well, well," laughed the young po-

liceman, "lost, is he? May I be askin' how you know this dog of yours is lost?"

"He didn't come home last night, and this morning he didn't wake me up, and Tippie always does." sobbed the little boy.

"Well, Sonny, what's your name and what does Tippie look like?" asked the officer more seriously.

"Mama says Tippie's got my nose, and Daddy says Tippie wiggles his ears like I do. Grandma says Tippie walks like me, and Uncle Moe said we look as much alike as two peas in a pod," grinned the small boy. "My name's Pat Barry. I live on Green street."

"May I be askin' you if Tippie is yellow and has a little black nose and a big green ribbon around his neck?"

"How did you know?" cried Pat excitedly.

"Well, you see, there's been a little dog sitting there behind you for the past ten minutes and with a ribbon like that on, why, what kind of an Irishman would I be if I didn't see green on St. Patrick's Day?"

MERRY CHASE. '50

THE UNKNOWN

It was almost night and the street lights were on. A gloomy unknown figure was coming around the corner. He was braving the fierceness of the wind, as he bent his head to put his brawny hand to the slender brown hat atop the snarly, thick hair. His brown tweed coat was ragged and torn. The awkwardness of his walk was like that of a contented drunkard coming out of the swinging doors. A smile came over his mouth and moved merrily into his mischievous greenish-blue eyes, as he paused to light the bent cigarette. His hoarse voice started singing like a crying cat waiting to be brought in. As he appeared in the doorway of his home he waved a kiss to the sky and whispered goodnight.

JESSIE GUCCIARDI, '48

BRONCHO BILL II

There is a middle-aged man that lives on the outskirts of town who would remind one of Broncho Bill in more ways than one. He never appears in anything but rustic-looking clothes. Worn dungarees are hastily tucked into high-heeled cowboy boots. A wide leather belt dotted with silver nail-heads surrounds his waist. He wears half-tucked-in, loud plaid shirts. These are the only garments that look as if they had been bought within ten years. His weatherbeaten face is framed by long curly grey hair reaching to his shoulders. A wide-brimmed, dusty, old sombrero is pulled down over exceedingly bright blue eyes. He spends most of his time out in the corral beside his house teaching his two horses new tricks. He spent all of one summer breaking in a real wild broncho from out West. When cars would slow down to satisfy their occupants' curiosity about this scene from a wild West show, he was sure they were only admiring his horses. Could he be wrong?

MARY CLARE HICKEY, '48

WETNESS

Stern Winter was meekly stepping aside to provide room for Jolly Spring. The overcrowded skating rink was turning to slush which gave the appearance that it wished to escape. Huge soot-covered snow drifts rushing, pushing, shoving, formed miniature rivers for young adventure-loving pirates who sail their sturdy cardboard and match-stick boats. Brave, anxious sprouts of grass pushed their way up, seeking the helping aid of Mother Sun. Carefree, daring young boys testing the thawing ground to discover if it were safe and still sturdy, went boot-deep in slimy, wet mud. Now let's look up to the heavens—where has our Sun disappeared? All that can be seen now are huge, cross, black clouds. And suddenly down comes the rain, caus-

ing people to scatter like frightened chickens into doorways, houses, stores, hoping to banish the final last stroke of wetness. Ah—"water, water everywhere; but not a drop to drink."

MARJORIE LEE, '48

A HAY FIELD

A hay field is golden with glistening hay growing. Slowly the hay turns from a greenish color to an almost gold color. When it is almost ripe, the farmer will go out and mow it down. He will let it set for almost a day and then rake it up and heap it. The following day when the sun has shone on it an hour, he will haul it to the barn. When he finishes the field, it has only a few rocks lying around. When it rains there will be a second crop to go in the barn. A hay field is beautiful when the hay is piled into neat heaps.

WILLIS HANSCOM, '48

LONELINESS

He walked across the platform into the crowded station. The buzzing of the crowd had no effect upon him as he hesitantly poked his way down the stairs into the main terminal. Amidst bobbing heads and hats, he patiently sought his train number. After accomplishing this, he crossed the marble floor to wait. He sat down on a gum stained, cold bench, and gazed up at the many people before him. They all had some place to go, but he had only a boarding room. He slumped in his seat, waiting. He was merely a small man in a huge metropolis. He had drifted into an oblivious day dream, when a kindly old porter tapped him gently on the shoulder. He sighed unevenly and, propping himself up, dragged himself across the floor onto the waiting train. As he sat down, a group of pink-cheeked college girls dropped down behind him, chattering to one another of the carefree simple problems, which were immense to them. The train suddenly jerked forward, startling him momentarily, and then smoothly sped on, taking hundreds of weary people home. To some, the day brought happiness, excitement and some grief or sorrow, but to him the day and other days past brought only loneliness.

PETER WHITE, '48

AN AMUSING TRICK

My dog has learned an amusing trick. My mother taught my pet Topsy to sit up and beg. Only now it has turned into annoying trick. Every time we sit at the table, or someone eats something, Topsy will go around sitting up in front of them. She will look at you with her big, soulful eyes and beg. You just have to give her what you are eating. She is getting to be quite a pest. When visitors come, we are all embarrassed when Topsy sits up in front of them.

MARILYN CALIRI, '50

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

The haunted house was situated on an old hill just outside of town. It was a mournful looking house. It was bleak, grey, and cold. It had a winding path leading up to it which was overgrown by weeds and long grass.

The mystery started one day when I was walking past the house with my dog. My curiosity got the best of me, so I started up the walk. I tripped a few times on the twigs and leaves in my way. I cautiously crept up the path, glancing in every direction. As I crawled onto the porch, I could hear the boards squeaking beneath my feet. I peered into the window, but all I could see was inky darkness, so I slowly opened the door. It sounded as if it needed a good oiling.

I tiptoed into the room. It smelled damp and musty. The walls were clammy and cold. As I pushed my hand along the wall, my fingers touched a small button. I slowly pressed it, and before my eyes a part

of the wall slid back. Below I could see a ladder, so I descended it. When I reached the bottom, I found myself in a cellar. It looked more like a dungeon to me. All of a sudden I felt a cool breeze on my face. Where could it be coming from? I knew I hadn't left any doors open. I slipped over to the corner and waited. Almost instantly two eyes shone in the darkness beside the door. I crawled along the floor toward the door, hoping to get out alive.

Just as I reached it, I heard a faint cry behind me. I twisted around, and before my eyes stood a little black puppy. He was the one who had caused all the mystery. Now I don't believe a word anybody says when they say they have seen a haunted house.

MARILYN CALIRI, '50

SPRING PASTIME

Have you ever walked aimlessly through the springtime splendor of a great tract of woodland? I have, and it gives a person a great sense of awe and unreality to watch Nature's marvelous array of flowers, stirred by the slight breeze in the golden sunshine. backed by huge, gnarled oaks and small, trim, dainty-white birches. The stillness of the surrounding marshes is suddenly interrupted by the whirr from the wings of a brightly-plumaged bird. Gazing at its flight, one notices how it usually flits from tree to tree, singing some sprightly tune until it meets its mate. Occasionally the hurried scampering of padded feet through the woods disturbs the quiet and makes known the presence of a frightened quadruped or squirrel. Wild canaries are almost always perched on the branch of some tree or vine that is budding. or are to be seen sucking the sweet nectar out of some sturdy wild-wood flower. Yes. to enjoy the free gift of natural beauty in the woodland is certainly my favorite pastime.

GRACE LAMBERT. '48

RAINY DAYS

I love rainy days. I enjoy listening to the soft, melancholy song the rain plays as it dances on the roof. I always have such fun on rainy days!

A heavy, cloud-laden sky is my cue to rush to the attic and uncover a fairy land of memories in the two old trunks which have held their varied secrets for many long years. It's fun to look at the faded photographs, and try to recognize a familiar face above the starched, high collars, or underneath a broad-brimmed, feathery hat. Why, here's Dad with his curly hair parted in the middle, sitting solemnly on a stone wall, looking very bored with the world. There's Mom in her Sunday best, proudly perched high on the leather seat, in her best beau's new Ford. Each picture has some amusing story to tell. It seems amazing how a neighbor or a friend can change so much with the passing of the years.

The rain has stopped now, and the spun-gold rays of the sun are peeking in through the narrow, cobwebbed window. I reluctantly close the trunk's aged, creaking top, until another rainy day when I'll come again to explore the happy golden days of a past, loved yesteryear.

RUTH SANFORD, '50

A FISH HATCHERY

When we went to visit my Uncle Ray, we had a chance to explore one of our State fish hatcheries. As we entered the long low building, all we could see on either side of the catwalk were large but shallow tanks of water. In the first four of these tanks were very young fish called the fingerlings, but as we moved up the line the fish seemed to be growing larger, until finally, when we reached the end of our walk, we were seeing trout large enough to soon leave the hatchery and go out to the various brooks and lakes for which they are destined.

BOB DRISCOLL, '48

A BROADCASTING STATION

In every large city one always finds at least one broadcasting .station These are networks. The one I visited was WBZ in Boston which, I think, is in the National Broadcasting System. The building itself is large and roomy. On the floors and steps are thick felt padding, to drown out all the unnecessary noises.

In the corridors are many small studios. These prepare the programs which we, at home, will hear. In every one a microphone is present, and personnel are reading and practicing their scripts. In some are programs which are now on the air.

Of course the actors read off the script, but they put long hours in preparing these programs. For every half-hour on the air, five are required for it.

The studios, themselves, have furniture held to the floor, squeakless doors, and soft padding on the floors. In one corner of every studio is a sound box. In this is seated the sound effect man. Of the four walls surrounding him, three are soundproof steel, layer upon layer, to prevent noise from coming in or seeping out. On the fourth side are layers of glass. From this, the effect man, who has all the responsibility of seeing that the program goes on and off at schedule, runs the program. When the electric sign over head reads, "On the air," he turns on the power and the program is on. During the program, he is the only one to watch the sign. When time is almost over, he signals another technician, who signals the participants. In all, the broadcasting station is an interesting place to visit.

ARTHUR AWLEY, '48

MODEL FARM

A model dairy farm and the life I lived on it will always be a pleasant memory in my mind. I spent six months working milking machines on the test herd, which consisted of ten of the best Guernsey cows in the state. Everything was spic and span and nothing but the best was used. Besides the test herd there were forty more pure blooded Guernseys in the main barn. The cows were brushed down twice a day. Their meals consisted of alfalfa instead of hay, and some very fine grain mash. Every chore was done exactly on time and the milk was weighed after each milking. The farm was owned by a millionaire who had it for a hobby. It was a farm for beauty and show, and I'm sure he didn't make any money from it.

WILLIAM CYR, '48

PHILLIPS BROOKS

He is quite an impressive, yet kindly looking man. His tired old eyes are like those of an eagle, for where he is standing he can watch all the activity in the community. His mouth is drawn into a smile of great knowledge and wisdom. A stiff black collar comes up to meet his chin and his long robes fall in shiny folds to his toes. He carries a few books in his arms, as if he were on his way to the children's evening instruction class.

As the sun sets in the west, this old minister of our grandfather's time still stands immovable in the common facing his church.

MARY CLARE HICKEY, '48

A SNOW SCENE

It was a grey afternoon, and the snowflakes shifted lazily down and covered the ground. A squirrel nimbly leaped across the snow and climbed a tree to his hole. The flag in the park across the street waved gently away from the pole and stood out in bright relief against the leaden sky. Then a pigeon, like the dove of peace, settled slowly to the snow and began pecking at crumbs. Soon a real haze formed and then settled in the west, and the scene of peace was cut off by the menace of night.

ALVA ELDRIDGE, '48

GARDEN OF PARADISE

It is the garden of an artist's conception in which are gathered all the flowers of Paradise. A marble settee is completely surrounded by willowy larkspurs, snowball crysanthemums, brown-eyed Susans and all the other raving beauties of the harem. Situated a few yards from this lover's haven is a descending marble staircase leading directly to a vast sea of green velvet grass which is generously spiced with islands of queenly imported trees. In the far horizon, evergreens touch the sky with extended arms. This picture indeed renders a sublime appearance to our living room, proudly hanging over the fireplace.

MARIE GALVAGNA, '48

A LIBRARY

A large stately building set back in an ocean of green, is the library of our proud town. Two large marble columns can be seen on either side of the main entrance, as they stand like sentinels against the red brick background. When the large oak door is opened, a quiet breath of air rushes out to greet you. Inside, beams of sunlight penetrate the quiet, tense, atmosphere. Once the oaken door is closed, the only noise heard is the tiptoeing of some person who has read to his heart's content. Yes, this "house of knowledge" is the most important building in our proud little town.

GUSTAVE WEIGEL, '48

CANDID CAMERA

A TREE — One lone, drooping tree, fighting for existence in the barren wasteland, dried by the parching sun, was all that could be seen.

A CLOUD — In the center of numerous, wispy, feather-like cirrus clouds stood a huge, billowy cumulus stacked as if it were an ever rising building.

A LAUGH—Instantaneously she burst out into a high, cackling laugh which pierced the very walls of the smoke filled hut.

AN ICE WAGON—The one-horse drawn wagon lazily rumbled down the dingy alley, leaving a trail of water behind it.

A BARN — Out of the yellow field loomed a small cottage and a bright red barn with an elaborately painted circus advertisement on one side which could be seen from afar.

EYES—His drowsy eyes stared prolongedly at the officer, then they flicked, and closed, never to open, as a stream of blood trickled past his bushy eyebrows.

PAUL ADLER, '48

The palm was shabby, thin, cut, scarred, and unkempt, like a lost dog.

The back of the hand was bulging with age-worn roughened vessels, knuckles that knew abuse, and fingers of much work.

The house, with its age-worn shutters, storm-broken glass, and wind-ripped roof, stood atop the towering hill.

RICHARD JORDAN, '48

The calm, blue, rippling water seemed to hold and know the secrets of all those things surrounding it.

The palm of a hand looks like a map with many different routes. Its fingers are the countries.

The bright sun shone in the heavens above, sending red and gold beams down among the beautiful coloring leaves of the trim, dainty white birch trees.

GRACE LAMBERT, '48

I

The winter wood was truly a fairyland, covered with a blanket of gleaming white crystals which reflected the sunlight and shone like diamonds.

II

His laugh was like a locomotive, starting out dubiously, gaining power and ending out in full speed and

volume.

III

The palm of her hand, covered with jagged lines and wrinkles, would be a palm reader's Waterloo.

IV

The cloud, twisting, turning and changing shape, closely resembled the microscopic amoeba.

MARIE GALVAGNA, '48

CHATTER

BASEBALL

The 1947 baseball season is nearly half over, and the boys here at Johnson have yet to go down in defeat in their fight for the championship of the Merrimack Valley Suburban League. Hamilton, Tewksbury, Methuen, Chelmsford and Billerica twice have fallen before the onslaught of the Red and White. Captain Bob Mitchell and Hal Vincent have been the boys with the powerful hickories thus far in the campaign. Joe Driscoll and Francis Rivet have come through again and again with their timely clutch hitting. Heads-up base running, great fielding and hitting have bolstered the attack all season. John Dolan and Don Shackleton have done the bulk of the pitching, and with their fine curves and fast balls have had the opposition baffled all season. Jack Kasheta, Bill Ness, Willis Hanscom, Ed Brown, and Jim Kennedy make up the remainder of the team. All have played heads-up ball for the good of the team. The team is as follows: W. Hanscom c; Dolan and Shackleton, p; Capt. Mitchell 1b; E. Brown, 2b; F. Rivet, 3b; Hal Vincent, ss; J. Kennedy, lf; J. Driscoll, cf; Bill Ness and J. Kasheta, rf; Robert Bisson, mgr.

STEPHEN DOHERTY, '47

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The girls' basketball team is planning to spend the second weekend in June at Sunset Lake, N. H. The girls will stay at Joan Reilly's cottage. Miss Fitzgerald will be in charge of all the girls, while Co-Captains Denise Blanchette and Joyce Gilman will plan the program. Boating, swimming, dancing, a weenie roast and many other activities will be enjoyed by all.

MARIE TORPEY, '47

GIRLS' SOFTBALL

As the basketball season drew to a close, it was soon replaced by a newly organized softball team.

With much enthusiasm the members elected Janet Smith as captain for the season.

Many girls signed up for the team, and regular practice has been held, although no games have been played as yet.

J. M. R.

BOOSTERS' CLUB

This school has just had put into its schedule a club that is very much needed, a Boosters' Club.

The club is under the able supervision of Mr. Lee. The meetings discuss football, baseball, track, hockey and basketball. To help in the explanation of these sports, movies are shown.

If the students of Johnson want to help their teams to victory, they should co-operate with the Boosters' Club. It's up to you!

ROBERT NICETTA, '47

TIME MARCHES ON

Many sad faces may be seen in the halls of Johnson High School nowadays, as graduation day draws near. The high honor students have been busy writing their speeches. The Year Book Staff, who have run into many difficulties, have been figuratively tearing their hair out mastering the *Gobbler*. The composers of the Class Will, Prophecy and History may be seen in secluded corners penning the past, the future and the gifts to the juniors. On Thursdays the hall is certainly bare, what with only the seniors and a few underclassmen there. This underclassman chorus is certainly an improvement over last year's. We have over forty students in it. That is what I call regular school spirit!

J. GILMAN, 47

GIRL RESERVES

As everyone knows, the Y. W. C. A. operates throughout the United States. It has its main headquarters in New York, and many smaller ones. For example, Lawrence is the place used for Greater Lawrence. In the high school is the meeting place of each town, and this group is known as the Girl Reserves. They usually meet at the close of school on a Wednesday afternoon. These meetings last a little over an hour. At Johnson High the majority of the girls are freshmen, but there are a few sophomores, who are the officers.

The girls do various things at these meetings, such as talking about new styles of clothes, and hair-dos. At one meeting the question came up as to whether the girls today are sloppy. The majority voted no, and I agree.

At some meetings the club serves refreshments, especially on a hot day, and, believe me, with thirty-five or forty girls present, they don't last long.

We also have social affairs, too, and many of these are held at the headquarters on Lawrence street. On November first, we held a barn dance, which was very successful. A short time after this, we had a movie date. The biggest delight came on January twenty-fourth, when we had a party and dance combined at the Y. This was just for the North Andover Club and each asked a boy. In order that there would be a crowd, she asked another girl, who in turn asked a boy. There was dancing, refreshments and nifty music. The hall was decorated very attractively, and the dance floor was packed. It was a divine evening, ending with everyone's going home with soleless shoes.

EVELYN DEVINE, '50

JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM

At a recent election the junior and senior classes cast their votes for the Prom Committee. The seniors elected Barbara Stewart, Barbara Campbell and Janet Smith. The juniors elected Elaine Champion, Shirley Wilcox and Gus Weigel. The class officers are automatically on the committee.

As this goes to print, the hall has gone nautical, with flags and sails and lighthouses. Tony Brown's orchestra has been hired. With such an efficient committee and Miss Buckley as their adviser, I'm sure it will be a great success.

JOYCE GILMAN, '47

T-B PATCH TESTS

Recently Dr. Atkinson and two efficient nurses gave the T-B Patch Test to the student body of J. H. S. A few days later the patch was removed to see the results. Many boys and girls gasped in horror at the inflamed red arms that some of their chums possessed. To the amazement of the doctor, only a few students showed positive cases. Well, kids, there is one advantage of being a farmer!!!!! At least, you don't get T-B.

J. GILMAN, 47

SENIOR CLASS DANCE

On May 9th the Senior Class held a semi-public dance at Stevens Hall. The hall was decorated in pastel colors. Streamers radiated from the center of the hall. A coke bar was placed at the side wall. The "Rhythm Masters" provided the music for the affair. The dance was a great success. Herbert Wild headed the committee. aided by George Stewart. Vincent Lambert, Lenny Foulds, Barb Stewart, Jan Smith, Joyce Robinson, Rita Farrell. Marie Torpey. Gloria Houde and Joyce Gilman.

JOYCE GILMAN. '47

SPECIAL INVITATION

The Senior Class got together in Room 10 a few weeks ago and voted to send Ricky Carvell a special invitation to our prom. The vote was unanimous.

JOYCE GILMAN. '47

SCHOLARSHIP ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. Hayes announced that Janet Smith had won the annual North Andover Women's Club Scholarship of one hundred and fifty dollars. Another of the honors was bestowed upon Natalie Giglio, who won the D. A. R. Scholarship of fifty dollars.

CORRECTION

The cover of the April *Journal* was designed and cut by Vincent Lambert.

CLASS DAY PARTS

Class Will	Joyce Gilman and Harold Dushame
Class Prophecy	Irene Nocera and Vincent Lambert
Class History	Joyce Robinson and Leonard Foulds

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club members have been as busy as bees. On February 30 Rev. Ralph D. York spoke to us on his experiences in dramatics in college. The club decided they would like to put on a play, and chose "His First Shave." a one-act comedy. The cast of characters is as follows:

Mother	Ann Doran
Father	Robert Finneran
Derek	Robert Bisson
Clara Morton	Connie Chadwick
Janet	Rita Farrell

At another meeting the members were taught the art of make-up. Joyce Gilman demonstrated on Nancy Cornell, and then Joan Connors worked on the former.

JOYCE GILMAN. '47

DEBATING CLUB

One of the successful clubs at school is the Debating Club. James Greenler is president and Marie Torpey is secretary. The club has discussed several topics, such as Racial Intolerence, Federal Government Control of Schools, Building a Veterans' Memorial. etc. The club is under the able supervision of Miss Callahan.

NATALIE GIGLIO, '47

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

The International Relations Club. under the splendid counseling of Miss Cook, has enthusiastically discussed our present world affairs. Plans are being made by the club to purchase books on this subject to be given to our Johnson High School library. Marie Consoli is our president, Louise Consoli vice president, Joyce Robinson secretary. and Janet Smith treasurer. We are hoping in the future years we can establish a wider interest and greater membership for such a worthwhile project.

JANET SMITH. '47

SENIOR SUB-DEB CLUB

Since the club started, all the girls have really benefited by it. We have talked about all the problems that bother any teen-age girl, and I believe that since we combined with the Freshmen Sub-Deb Club, a lot of things have been made clearer to them. The club really gets along well. Each meeting we have a different committee and a different topic to discuss.

JUNIOR SUB-DEB CLUB

A committee was formed for every meeting that was held. This enabled every member to participate in some way in the activities. Every meeting the committee had a special program planned, such as speakers, dancing, and serving of refreshments. On June the 2nd we were fortunate in having a speaker from Boston, Mrs. Mary Carr Baker. She is the personnel training supervisor of Boston.

BARBARA COONEY, '48

SOPHOMORE SUB-DEB CLUB

We have discussed teen-age problems such as "Girl and Boy Relations," "How To Act on a Date," "Clothes," and "Hair Styles." We spent one club meeting arranging each other's hair in different styles and applying various kinds of make-up. At a recent party the girls brought many kinds of food, and we had an enjoyable time. We are looking forward to initiation and future meetings. Our faculty adviser is Miss Sheridan.

KATHLEEN OVEREND, '49

ETIQUETTE CLUB

During the past four months the Etiquette Club has sought out and attempted to solve the everyday happenings of a growing girl. Under the direction of Miss Veva Chapman, and with Marge Schofield as president, the members have enjoyed many helpful talks on clothes, dancing, table manners and traveling. In all, the Etiquette Club of '47 was very successful, and the charter members hope that it will continue in the years to come.

IRENE NOCERA, '47

ART CLUB

The Art Club has completed work on book covers for the blind. These covers are made of cork and have raised designs on them. The covers will be distributed to blind people in this country and abroad. The Red Cross supplied the materials and they will distribute them.

The club is now working on mats for food trays for the veterans' hospitals. These mats are made of cork and have designs on them. These materials were also supplied by the Red Cross.

Some members of the club are doing pencil sketching.

The club went to Boston on the 27th of May to visit the Boston Art Museum and Mrs. Gardner's Palace.

DENISE BLANCHETTE, '47

CHEFS' CLUB

Leonard Foulds is our able chef, and Ken Chadwick, our treasurer. Bob Blanchette is in charge of getting our supplies after we plan on the dish we are going to make at the following meeting. So far we have made ginger bread, pan cakes, doughnuts, biscuits, and apple pie. For the next meeting we are planning banana cream pie. Four different boys each week serve as dish washers, and the remaining work in pairs on each project. No time is lost in making the food, for the rest of the meeting is spent devouring it. Mr. Hayes is a frequent visitor, and has commended our delicacies. We have had successful results thus far in our club. Miss Neal is our efficient adviser.

ROBERT WILSON, '47

MODEL BUILDERS' CLUB

The Model Builders' Club has been pretty much on their own. Mr. Vincent told us that we could bring our models to the meetings and work on them. Some of the members have brought boats, airplanes and race cars. We feel that next year we will be able to accomplish a lot more.

ROLAND BAKER, '49

HOBBY CLUB

One of our newly formed clubs is the Hobby Club. Buddy Cyr holds the office of president and Johnny Wolfenden holds that of vice-president. At different meetings various hobbies are displayed and talks are given. The club is successfully supervised by Miss Clara Chapman.

JOAN DIAMONT, '49

EXCHANGES

CHUCKLES

This being our last *Journal* for this school year and my last chance to write the Exchanges, I am going to give you a list of all the magazines and papers that we have received this year:

The Swampscotta	Swampscott
The Holten	Danvers
The Cub	Ipswich
The Archon	South Byfield
The Lawrencian	Lawrence
The Brown & Gold	Haverhill
The Reflector	Saginaw, Michigan
The Cryptian	Gloucester, England
Boston University News	
Rocks & Pebbles	Rockport, Mass.
The Aegis	Beverly
The Tattler	Nashua, N. H.
The Sagamore	Brookline
The Pythia	Winter Harbor, Maine
Blue & White	Methuen
The Original	Maretta, Ohio
The Skool Nooz	Randolph, Vermont
The Record	Newburyport
The Killonian	Danielson, Conn.
The Sayrenade	Sayre, Penn.
The Lookout	Wakefield
The Headlight	Marblehead
The Miller	Milburn, N. J.
The Canary	Allentown, Penn.
The Little Red School House	Athol
McIntosh Lookout	Lawrence

I want to thank all these schools for sending us their papers, and hope they have enjoyed ours as much as we have enjoyed theirs.

BARBARA GALLANT, '47

CHUCKLES

Well here we are again with the rest of the jokes for this year. Have a nice summer and keep smiling!

In Oklahoma, a thief stole several cows out of a farmer's barn, but spared him a bull and a heifer—and tacked a note on the barn door: "I left you the start of a new herd. Now, for Pete's sake, leave your cows out to pasture more longer. And feed them some good grain. You won't get nowhere with milk, if you leave them stay in the barn on hay too much. And at night open the window for air, because it's good for the heifer especially. Well, good luck."

A track supervisor received the following memo from his foreman: "I'm sending in accident report about Casey's foot which he struck with spike maul. Now, under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or Casey's?"

The credit department of a Seattle firm was having difficulty in making a collection from an account in northern Washington. It finally wrote: "Dear Mr. Jones: What would your neighbors think if I came to your town and repossessed your car?"

A week later I received my own letter back, and under my signature was scrawled: "Sir: I took the above matter up with my neighbors and they think it would be a lousy trick. Sincerely, Lester Jones."

The following "Card of Thanks" appeared in "Saint Mary's News" of Leonardtown, Md.: "I want to thank the members of the Leonardtown Fire Department, my neighbors and friends for their efficiency in assisting at the fire which burned my home to the ground on February 15th."

Introducing Thomas Alva Edison at a dinner, the toastmaster mentioned his many inventions, dwelling at length on the talking machine. The aged inventer then rose to his feet, smiled and said gently: "I thank the gentleman for his kind remarks, but I must insist upon a correction. God invented the talking machine. I only invented the first one that can be shut off."

From the Rice Lake, Wis., Chronotype: "Watch out for the pancake supper sponsored by the Mikana Ladies' Aid."

From the Steubenville, Ohio, *Herald Star*: "Least but not last, on the program was Mrs. George Sharpe."

The following correction appeared in the Vineland, N. Y. Rotary Club bulletin: "We had Howard Kulp listed as absent last week. He was present, and we're sorry."

A prescription label issued by a Burlington, Iowa, drugstore reads: "Take one after breakfast and suffer."

From the society column of the Plymouth, Mich., *Mail*: "The bride's aunt chose a floor length gown of light-blue madonna crepe, with black accessories, and worse a corsage of red roses."

From a Massachusetts paper: "Frank Cape is at the hospital suffering from head injuries and shock caused by coming in contact with a live wife."

We are indebted to current publications for our jokes.

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